

The Department of Music

of

The University of Alberta

presents

FRANCES DIETZ
soprano

assisted by Lorraine Arnold, piano

Tuesday, April 16, 1974, at 8:00 p.m.
Convocation Hall, Arts Building

THE MERMAID'S SONG.....Franz Joseph Haydn

THE SPIRIT'S SONG

THE LADY' LOOKING GLASS

DER NEUGIERIGE.....Franz Schubert

EIFERSUCHT UND STOLZ

DER MÜLLER UND DER BACH

DIE POST

DER LEIERMANN

FRÜLINGSSEHNSUCHT

CHERUBINO'S ARIAS (from "The Marriage of Figaro")W. A. Mozart

Voi, che sapete

Non so più cosa son

INTERMISSION

FOUR SONGS FOR VOICE AND VIOLIN.....Gustav Holst

Denis Létourneau, violin

EXTASE.....Henri Duparc

CHANSON TRISTE

LAMENTO

FIVE CHILDREN'S SONGS.....Udo Kasamets

The Monkeys and the Crocodile

Swing Song

What do they say?

Who has seen the wind?

Eletelephony

This recital is presented in partial fulfillment of the requirements
of the Bachelor of Music degree for Miss Dietz.

Schubert

Der Neugierige - The Eager Question

I ask no flower, I ask no star;
 They know nothing to tell me, what I would so gladly learn.
 I am also no gardener, the stars are too high;
 I want to ask my little brook, whether my heart has deceived me.
 Oh little brook, my love, how silent you are today!
 Only one thing I want to know, one little word over and over again.
 Yes, is the one little word, the other is no,
 These two little words contain the whole world for me.
 Oh little brook, my love, how strange you are!
 I won't repeat what you tell me, tell me, little brook, does she love me?

Eifersucht und Stolz - Jealousy and Pride

Where are you going so quickly, so ruffled and
 wild, my dear brook?
 Do you hasten full of anger, after the insolent brother hunter?
 Turn back, turn back, and protect first your Miller's daughter
 for her easy, loose, small fickleness, turn back!
 Did you not see her yesterday evening standing at the gate, with
 her long neck stretched towards the large street?
 When from the Hunt, the merry hunter draws towards the house,
 There, no modest child places her head at the window.
 Go there, little brook, and tell her that; yet tell her not,
 hear you, no word from my sad face;
 Tell her: He carves for himself, close to me, a whistle out of
 a reed and blows for the children beautiful dances and songs,
 Tell her that!

Der Müller und der Bach - The Miller and the Brook

- The Miller:
 When a true heart dies of love, the lilies in every
 flower bed wither;
 The full moon must disappear in the clouds, lest men should
 see its tears.
 The little angels close their eyes and sob and sing the soul
 to rest!
- The Brook:
 And when love has escaped from grief,
 A new little star twinkles in the sky;
 And three roses, half red and half white, that
 will not fade, blossom from the thorny bough;
 The angels shed their wings and come down to earth each morning.
- The Miller:
 Ah little brook, dear little brook, you mean so well; but, little
 brook, do you know what love can do?
 Down there, down there is cool rest! So little brook,
 dear little brook, dear little brook, sing on.

Die Post - The Post

From the street there, a Post horn sounds.
 What is it, that you jump so high, my heart?
 The post brings no letter for you.
 Why then are you so strangely eager, my heart?
 Now the Post comes from the town
 Where I had a dear lover, my heart!
 Do you want to go over there sometime to see
 And ask how things are going, my heart?

Der Leiermann - The Organ Grinder

Out behind the village stands a hurdy-gurdy man,
 And with numbered fingers he grinds all he can,
 Barefoot on the ice, he totters to and fro,
 And his little platter stays ever empty of coins.
 No one wants to hear him, no one gives him a glance,
 And the dogs snarl around the old man.
 And he lets it all go on, just as it will.
 He grinds away, and his barrel-organ never stops.
 Strange old man, shall I go with you?
 Do you want to grind away on your hurdy-gurdy to my songs?

Frühlingssehnsucht - Spring Longing

Whispering breezes stirring so mildly,
Flowery-scented breath breathing to fulfill!
How blissful the greeting you breathe on me.
What have you done to my throbbing heart?
I would like to follow you on your breezy course.
Where?
Brook, swirling gaily all the time,
Wanting to flow, silvery, down there in the valley.
The gliding waters hasten to get there.
The fields and sky are deeply mirrored in it.
Why do you pull me, my desiring mind, longingly over yonder?
Greeting sun, playful gold, you bring hopeful bliss so sweetly.
How refreshing to me your happy welcoming picture.
It smiles so softly in the deep blue sky.
And my eyes have filled with tears.
Why?
The woods and mountains are wreathed in green!
The shimmering snow blossom sparkles!
Everything reaches out to the bride-like light;
It swells the buds and breaks the sprouts.
They have found what has broken them.
And you?
Restless longing! Wishing heart,
Always only tears, lamenting and pain?
I also have felt the swelling impulse.
Who soothes me finally from this driving desire?
Only you can set free the spring in my breast, only you!

Mozart

Voi, che sapete - You, who know

Cherubino has composed a little canzone which he sings to the Countess and Susanna. He wants to find out from someone who knows what love is, whether or not the feelings and emotions inside of him are symptoms of love.

Non, so piu cosa son - I don't know anymore what I am

Cherubino, a love-sick young page-boy, is infatuated with every woman he sees, and in particular, the Countess. In this aria, he relates what he goes through--blushing, feeling hot and then cold, trembling, desiring, sighing, etc. Love is in his thoughts no matter what he does, and he says that if no one will listen to him, he'll talk of love to himself.

Duparc

Extase - Extasy

On a pale lily my heart is asleep
In a slumber sweet like death...
Exquisite death, death perfumed
By the breath of my beloved...
On your pale bosom my heart is asleep
In a slumber sweet like death...

Chanson Triste - Sad Song

In your heart there sleeps a moonlight,
A soft moonlight of summer.
And to escape this troublesome life
I shall drown myself in your light.
I shall forget the past sorrows, my love,
When you will cradle my sad heart and my thoughts
In the loving stillness of your arms.
You will let my wounded head,
Oh sometimes rest on your knees,
And you will recite a ballad
That will seem to speak of us,
And in your eyes filled with sadness,
In your eyes then I shall drink
So many kisses and tender caresses
That perhaps I shall recover.

Lamento - Lament

Do you know the white tomb
Where with a plaintive sound floats
The shadow of a yew-tree?
On the yew-tree a pale dove,
Sad and alone in the setting sun,
Sings its song.
One would say that the awakened soul
Weeps under the earth in unison
With the song.
And the misfortunes of having been forgotten
Complaints, cooing
Very softly.
Oh! never more near the tomb
Shall I go, when evening descends
With its dark mantle,
To hear the pale dove
Sing, on the branch of the yew-tree,
Its plaintive song.